

MAINE FARMER

FARMER

VOL. XVII.



OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, OUR BROTHER MAN

The Bark Louse on Apple Trees.

A friend inquires of us how he shall rid his young apple trees of little "muscle shells," as he expresses it, which are "plastered all over the limbs as thick as spatter." The trouble which he complains of is that of a little insect, a species of *Coccus*. If he will carefully lift one of them up with the point of a penknife, he will find the eggs underneath. They lay their eggs in the bark and cover them over with this pebbly kind of covering, which seals them up out of the way of wind and weather, where they lie until the time for them to hatch, when out comes a swarm of minute, louse-like insects. When in great abundance, they injure the trees, either by the incrustation, or by the insects absorbing some of the juice necessary, we do not know which. The best description of this insect was given by Judge Buel, in the New England Farmer, twenty-four or five years ago, from which we extract the following, for the benefit of all who are interested in the matter.

The Judge is of opinion that these insects subvert upon the sap, obstruct its circulation and materially retard the growth of the tree.

He had washed them with lye and soap suds, without effect. He then, in the month of June, took eight parts of water and two of soft soap, and mixed with these lime enough to make white wash. With a white wash and paint brush he put this mixture upon the trunks and limbs of the trees, as high as was practicable, filling the cracks in the bark, and covering the whole surface. The effect, says he, has been not only to destroy the most of the lice, but to give the tree an improved and vigorous appearance. The outer bark, which, from a stunted growth, had become rough and hard, has in a measure fallen off in flakes, and disclosed a soft, smooth bark, the sure indication of health. I intend to repeat the operation next season, so he, and we have no doubt I shall succeed in eradicating the evil.

The ice hatch between the 10th and 20th of May, and in some years not till June, when each core or blister sends out several young. The nits produce white animalcules, resembling a louse, so small they are hardly perceptible to the naked eye, which, immediately after they are hatched, open the passage at the end of the blisters, and crowd out on to the bark, and there remain with but little motion about ten days, when they stick themselves to the bark of the tree, and there die. From this little carcass arises a small speck of blue mould which is most plain to be seen between the 20th of May and the 10th of June, and continues about fifteen days and gradually wears off until the old carcass appears, which by this time is formed into a new blister, and contains the spawn or nits before mentioned. It is during this period of transformation only, that the alkali or lime is supposed to be effectual.

High authority as Judge Buel is in all matters relating to agriculture and nurseries, we nevertheless doubt the position he has taken in regard to the "old carcass" being formed into a new blister, "containing the spawn or nits." Either he, or the authority he quotes, have confounded two insects together, or we have. We have always supposed from what observations we have been able to make, that we are not positive in the case, that these blisters were made by the parent, which is a small insect, first depositing the egg and then covering it with the cement, in the form usually seen. At any rate we have never seen any evidence of the transformation of the "old carcass" into a covering for a nest of eggs."

Winter Evenings at Home.

Winter evenings, generally, are to the farmer seasons of leisure—portions of time in which he may rest from the more active duties of his calling. He has now abundant opportunity to review the labors of the season that is past, and to note the success or failure that has attended his various operations, and to trace out the causes of that success or failure. He also has leisure to mature his plans for the future, and to store his mind with that knowledge which will fit him for the better performance of his duties. The right improvement of winter evenings at home may contribute much to his future success, and to the correct management of his farm.

No business with which we are acquainted requires a more extensive and accurate knowledge for its successful performance, than that of the farmer. And in this business important improvements are annually made, and many facts promulgated, which are calculated to exert an considerable influence on the future operations of the husbandman. It is not so important for the farmer to "keep up with the times," and to become acquainted with all the improvements in his business, as it is for the mechanic, the merchant, or the professional man. The long winter evenings afford him the opportunity required; and he should not suffer them to pass without becoming acquainted with those improvements, comparing them with his previous practice, and adapting them to his own means and circumstances.

To this end, suitable additions should be made to the library. Good books not only impart knowledge, but they awaken thought, and may prompt to renewed investigation. We have supposed that every good farmer is already supplied with at least one agricultural newspaper; and it may be desirable still further to increase the stock of good reading. You have procured and stored a supply of food for the body; you should also lay in a store of food for the mind. You would not see your children suffering for want of bread; so it is that they do not suffer for want of books.

Another matter deserves a passing notice in this connection. Our agricultural readers may devote an evening, occasionally, to the work of committing to paper "the cream of their experi-

ence," and the results of the season's labors, with such observations as may be generally interesting and useful, for publication in this paper. In this way much valuable matter might be furnished, to the mutual benefit of all interested. It is too much to ask each one thus to contribute for the benefit of the cause!



Straw Cutters.

As the "housing time" for cattle is near at hand in this section, it will be well to make calculations for economizing fodder. A great aid to this business is a Straw Cutter, and in order to economize time and labor, as well as fodder, it is important to get a good one. We will not pretend to say which of the many kinds now in use is the best. Like many other implements, the straw cutter has been the subject of many improvements, some of them very good ones, too.

The first most essential improvement was made by Mr. Greene, who arranged the knives around a cylinder, and made them to cut on a cylinder of lead. The objection to this was, that the whole edge of one or two of the knives pressed on the hay at once. To obviate this, an improvement was made by making the knives spiral.

Now, my dear reader, the woman was half-right. The times are changed, and I don't believe, in this respect, for the better. A few weeks ago, at the table of a substantial farmer, the mistress of the house absolutely apologized to me for the appearance of some brown bread on the dinner table. Said she, "we take a loaf once in a while, for the men-folks like some with their meat."

She was ashamed of it, when, in fact, she ought to have been ashamed of its quality. I could make better brown bread myself.

Hasty pudding I rarely find at our farmers' tables. Do not the good wives know that it is the best of food, and that fried hasty pudding is one of the nicest dishes ever put on the breakfast table! Or, have they ever had the good fortune to meet with certain little cakes, brown and crisp, known as fried bannocks? Or, do they even indulge their taste by baking on a plate for the fire, one of the real, old-fashioned, flat bannocks, made of sweet milk and Indian meal? or, do they know how to bake those nice little bannocks, known as corn cakes? I fear not. These things are out of fashion. Our grandmothers used to make them, but we scour such things. We can make waffles, and lemon pies, and wafer, and buns, and soda bread, and cold-water gingerbread.

We should need receipts to make bread and puddings of Indian meal. And plenty of receipts can be had in the cook books, receipts that would make a substantia cook indignant, so many are the ingredients to be used—eggs, sugar, and butter, and spiced. I recently met with a recipe (or receipt, if you choose to have it) for making an Indian pudding, when a pint of molasses was to be put in two quarts of scalded milk. It made me think of the good woman, who, honored by a visit from her minister, was putting a quantity of West India molasses into her tea. The good man begged that she should desist, saying that he did not care about any, but she had certainly given him enough.

"Oh!" simpered the good woman, "if it was all molasses it would not be any too good for you."

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING,

baking days, I can't help repeating the remarks of one of our country girls, who, after several years of city life, came home to "rusticate," and bring back a bloom to her delicate cheek, by the country fare of baked apples and milk, brown bread, pumpkin pies, and "pudding and beans."

"Why, grandfather," said she, "don't you raise any corn now?"

"Corn," exclaimed the old gentleman, "why certainly, Polly—Mary, I mean. Don't you see that field? There are four acres of stony corn as ever grew on the place, and out beyond the house are seven more."

"Well, what do you do with it all?"

"Why, we use some, keep a part of it for the stock, and the rest is sold."

"Or, in other words, you carry it to market and exchange it for wheat flour."

The old gentleman stared, but she went on.

"I don't seem a bit here as it used to. I could always find brown bread enough in the buttery, but now it is all wheat-loaves and pies, and I am home on purpose to get away from them. I should like some hasty pudding and corn cakes and brown bread."

Now, my dear reader, the woman was half-right. The times are changed, and I don't believe, in this respect, for the better. A few weeks ago, at the table of a substantial farmer, the mistress of the house absolutely apologized to me for the appearance of some brown bread on the dinner table. Said she, "we take a loaf once in a while, for the men-folks like some with their meat."

She was ashamed of it, when, in fact, she ought to have been ashamed of its quality. I could make better brown bread myself.

Hasty pudding I rarely find at our farmers' tables. Do not the good wives know that it is the best of food, and that fried hasty pudding is one of the nicest dishes ever put on the breakfast table! Or, have they ever had the good fortune to meet with certain little cakes, brown and crisp, known as fried bannocks? Or, do they even indulge their taste by baking on a plate for the fire, one of the real, old-fashioned, flat bannocks, made of sweet milk and Indian meal? or, do they know how to bake those nice little bannocks, known as corn cakes? I fear not. These things are out of fashion. Our grandmothers used to make them, but we scour such things. We can make waffles, and lemon pies, and wafer, and buns, and soda bread, and cold-water gingerbread.

We should need receipts to make bread and puddings of Indian meal. And plenty of receipts can be had in the cook books, receipts that would make a substantia cook indignant, so many are the ingredients to be used—eggs, sugar, and butter, and spiced. I recently met with a recipe (or receipt, if you choose to have it) for making an Indian pudding, when a pint of molasses was to be put in two quarts of scalded milk. It made me think of the good woman, who, honored by a visit from her minister, was putting a quantity of West India molasses into her tea. The good man begged that she should desist, saying that he did not care about any, but she had certainly given him enough.

"Oh!" simpered the good woman, "if it was all molasses it would not be any too good for you."

The above are cash prices at which the lumbermen buy all the produce in that region they can get. This is the amount and value of the crop which can be spared and sold, besides what the family need for their own consumption.

There is besides made on the farm, all the butter for the house, being a tavern, at which the average of family and travellers are twenty per day.

The proprietors of this farm not being residents upon it they are enabled to get at, very conveniently, the cost of labor upon it. The expenditures for the year are thus stated:

Wages paid out, \$750.00
Provisions for workmen and family, exclusive of produce of farm, 300.00
\$1050.00

This gives us the sum of one thousand four hundred and forty dollars profit of the farm for one year, while at the same time twenty acres of land have been this year cleared for a crop next season, which is estimated as a permanent improvement equal to the sum expended by the family for provisions purchased.

This land was purchased of the State at one dollar per acre, and more may be had at the same price, payable, one quarter in cash, and the balance in work on roads through the township.

Rents such as these cannot be expected from indifferent farming nor where there is a lack of either faith or works. They are the product of both united. It is but justice to say that the farm to which we have referred, though owned by the family, is not ready to pull down, and so these old buildings must be made to last some longer. We are not at ready to pull them down, and build new ones. But have you fastened those boards which were loose at buying time. Have you stopped those wide cracks which let so much cold and snow into your stable last winter. If you will put some boards on the inside a few inches from the others and fill the space between them with leaves it will do the work finely. Reference straw or buckwheat straw will answer, but more care is requisite in using straight boards and putting them close together, else your cattle will attempt to steal the straw and tear off your boards. Muck is good, but not easily obtained in such a place.

And now for the stable floor. If your barn is so situated that you have a manure cellar under your stable you are fortunate. If not, we would recommend the course adopted by one of our good farming friends. Having removed the floor and sleepers, fill with muck to the sill, and make it level. Place a few strips of old plank on the floor, and across these lay your floor—taking care to make the joints perfectly tight. You have then a protection against the cold air from below, and an absorbent for all the liquid manure. In due time you will have a bed of most valuable manure. If muck is not at command, a mixture of chip laurel leaves, refuse straw and earth from before they are quite dead, or cease to struggle.

We want more evidence to induce us to believe that the "Queen," so called, is a queen—a real female, and that the drons are all males. The reverse would be more conformable to the general principles of nature. We are now inclined to believe that the Queen is a King, that the working bees are also males, and that the drons are females. This would be equalizing the association much more in accordance with the general routine of nature's laws as exemplified in all gregarious animals. Again, we want more evidence to convince us that the killing of drons by the workers in the fall is a matter of malice or calculation. Do not the drons begin to die off as many other species of insects do, after having performed their duties of laying eggs or maggots, and propagating new swarms? These being dead are thrown out as any other useless and foreign matter is thrown out, and in the general clearing of the hives, many are seized before they are quite dead, or cease to struggle.

Our neighbor, Geo. W. Jones, over the way, asked not long since, if we ever saw a bear's egg. We never did. He thinks they are viviparous, or nearly so as some flies. A few more stubborn facts and considerably less guessing and romancing on this subject, would put the bear in a more reliable shape.

A Change for the Worse.

In this age of general progress, there are some changes which are not improvements. Among these, we are disposed to regard the increasing neglect of our agricultural and mechanical arts, and the substitution of Southern and Western flour instead. We would not advocate any change whereby our farmers or their families would be deprived of any of the substantial comforts of life, or of the indulgence within their means.

The coarse fare which our good grandmothers so skilfully prepared, was partaken of with a keen relish, and was as healthful, as any of the more fashionable articles in modern cookery. A lady correspondent of the Boston Cultivator has taken the pen as the champion of Indian corn, having, as she says, "a very feeling sense of the neglect, after speaking of the change we have mentioned, and describing the baked Indian pudding, which she considers the most delicious of all dishes, she thus continues:

"Speaking of that old farm-house, and its

Preparation for Winter.

Among the cares of the farmer, few, in this cold climate, are of more consequence than those relating to a due preparation for the long and cold season now so rapidly approaching. Let us look for a few moments about your buildings. Some of them are growing old, and if we have answered the great end of our existence, thus far, as well as these buildings, it is well. But we all expect, with due care, to do the much service yet.

These old buildings must be made to last some longer. We are not at ready to pull them down, and build new ones. But have you fastened those boards which were loose at buying time. Have you stopped those wide cracks which let so much cold and snow into your stable last winter. If you will put some boards on the inside a few inches from the others and fill the space between them with leaves it will do the work finely. Reference straw or buckwheat straw will answer, but more care is requisite in using straight boards and putting them close together, else your cattle will attempt to steal the straw and tear off your boards. Muck is good, but not easily obtained in such a place.

And now for the stable floor. If your barn is so situated that you have a manure cellar under your stable you are fortunate. If not, we would recommend the course adopted by one of our good farming friends. Having removed the floor and sleepers, fill with muck to the sill, and make it level. Place a few strips of old plank on the floor, and across these lay your floor—taking care to make the joints perfectly tight. You have then a protection against the cold air from below, and an absorbent for all the liquid manure. In due time you will have a bed of most valuable manure. If muck is not at command, a mixture of chip laurel leaves, refuse straw and earth from before they are quite dead, or cease to struggle.

We want more evidence to induce us to believe that the "Queen," so called, is a queen—a real female, and that the drons are all males. The reverse would be more conformable to the general principles of nature's laws as exemplified in all gregarious animals. Again, we want more evidence to convince us that the killing of drons by the workers in the fall is a matter of malice or calculation. Do not the drons begin to die off as many other species of insects do, after having performed their duties of laying eggs or maggots, and propagating new swarms?

These being dead are thrown out as any other useless and foreign matter is thrown out, and in the general clearing of the hives, many are seized before they are quite dead, or cease to struggle.

Our neighbor, Geo. W. Jones, over the way, asked not long since, if we ever saw a bear's egg. We never did. He thinks they are viviparous, or nearly so as some flies. A few more stubborn facts and considerably less guessing and romancing on this subject, would put the bear in a more reliable shape.

A Change for the Worse.

In this age of general progress, there are some changes which are not improvements. Among these, we are disposed to regard the increasing neglect of our agricultural and mechanical arts, and the substitution of Southern and Western flour instead. We would not advocate any change whereby our farmers or their families would be deprived of any of the substantial comforts of life, or of the indulgence within their means.

The coarse fare which our good grandmothers so skilfully prepared, was partaken of with a keen relish, and was as healthful, as any of the more fashionable articles in modern cookery. A lady correspondent of the Boston Cultivator has taken the pen as the champion of Indian corn, having, as she says, "a very feeling sense of the neglect, after speaking of the change we have mentioned, and describing the baked Indian pudding, which she considers the most delicious of all dishes, she thus continues:

"Speaking of that old farm-house, and its

NOVEMBER 29, 1849.

Potatoes.

Two thousand bushels of good potatoes have been raised this season, by Capt. H. Nickerson, of this town, on ten acres of land. This beats Hon. D. Webster and Gov. Hill out and out, in raising potatoes. Piscataquis is "coming up" on potatoes this year, if nothing else—and her pigs, we think, can't be beat, if they can have potatoes enough to eat.

[Piscataquis (Ms.) Observer.]

Never has there been a more unexpectedly agreeable disappointment than in the growth this season of late planted potatoes through the interior country on ground of recent clearing. Four hundred bushels per acre on ten ordinary acres is the largest product that ever came within our notice. For a long time past the marshes have been the chief source of wealth for the Indians, and the most productive lands are those which are well-drained and have no idea in what consists. Not are meats cooked any better within their precincts. Those good housekeepers know intuitively how to produce, are never seen here. Even a dish of potatoes cannot get themselves well boiled. A member of the family might as well fall among the Hottentots, as far as proper nursing is concerned. These things ought not to be, nor is there any need of their existence, if the wife has any just notions of her obligations to herself and those about her.

The science of bread making, of meat broiling, stewing, roasting, and boiling, of vegetables cooking, and of preparing the multifarious small dishes of all sorts, which go to make pleasant the meal and all about, are hers, hers, to understand and practice.

Learn to Cook Well.

The health of the family depends upon it. We know there are those who associate luxury, effeminacy, and all dependent ills, with every attempt of the kind recommended. But we do not doubt that health is promoted by eating raw carrots or doughy bread,—or that, to secure long life, it is necessary to turn cannibals. Nor were men made to graze like cattle, or eat food like dogs.

Nor is it necessary, in order to shun the errors of which we speak, to rub into the opposite extreme. Good cookery does not consist in producing the highest seasoned dishes, nor such as foster a morbid appetite; but in preparing every dish, however simple or common it may be.

There are, for instance, families who never eat any good bread from one century to another, and his father a very poor man; and the best his father could do with him was to apprentice him to a barber. In that humble and praiseworthy

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA: THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1849.

Thanksgiving Day.

A New Englander couldn't get through the year without one day in the close of the autumnal season being devoted to "thanksgiving." The year would not be complete without it—Something would be wanting to make his calculations of the lapse of time come out right, if the Thanksgiving festivities had not been duly observed. The ghosts of the old Puritans would serve. The ghosts of the old Puritans would disturb his slumbers if he neglected to keep the day, which they set apart on purpose to combine all the holidays of the mother church into one grand jubilee. The old Puritans of New England—God bless them—say, God has blessed them, and is still blessing them, in the thousand and ten thousand advantages of liberty, and freedom, and science, and religious toleration enjoyed by their posterity—the old Puritans, so zealous to avoid the ceremonies of the established church, and to avoid the observance of the holidays which that church had ordained to be particularly kept, nevertheless, were so well versed in human nature that they knew the feelings of the heart must have utterance; and the soul, however thoroughly schooled it might be in self-denials, will sometimes gush out with overflows of grateful emotions and joyous words. And so, at the close of harvest, when man is disposed to be grateful, and to exhibit his satisfaction with the results of his labors, they established the custom of designating one day to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and praise to God for his goodness and his blessings during the past year.

It has become a venerable and time-hallowed custom, hailed with delight by all among us, from spring to hallowe'en. Each endeavor to devote the day in making himself and others happy. If some fall short of it, the failure must be attributed more to inability or misguided effort, than to lack of intention so to do. Even avarice itself is often warmed up by the genial influences which cluster around the day, and frequently relaxes its grasp on the world, and gives of its store to the poor, while the generous, who daily "enjoy the luxury of doing good," lay in a double stock of these enjoyments on the occasion, by a corresponding outlay of substantial and tangible remembrance of the poor—whose fires thereby ever burn blithely, and whose tables smoke cheerfully on Thanksgiving day. Oh, it is a glorious thing for man to lay by his anxious and harassing chase after the world, even if it be but one day in 365, and, putting off the harnesses of selfish labor, feel and act as if there were others to care for besides his own darling self, and that there are other sources of happiness instead of the everlasting dig, dig, dig, for perishable self. It lights up the spirit, the true man within, and expands the field of his mental vision, till he gets a glimpse of a higher and a better sphere of action, and a nobler use for his faculties. Thanksgiving day! There are whole volumes of delightful anticipations and pleasant reminiscences in store for the young and the old alike expect appropriate pleasures on the advent. The urchins have their hopes and expectations gratified with a release from school, and lots of dainties from the confectionery and larder; and the *urchins* of a larger size, and older years, are equally well pleased with their social sports and the excitements of the many dance; while the elder portions indulge in the more staid and rational exercises of religious thought, and of the social reunions so common among the various branches of "kin and kin" on this day. Indeed, this coming together of scattered members of families on this day, is a pleasing trait in its characteristics, and seems to renew fading friendships, strengthen existing attachments, and perpetuate brotherhoods of the most endearing kind among us. Hallowed be the day among us, so long as New England shall have existence—thrice hallowed be its memory and its observance among the sons of the Pilgrims to the latest of their generations on earth.

Antidote for Cholera.

Dr. Maxwell, of China, has written a letter to the Secretary of State, at Washington, with a request for him to make it public that carbonate of soda, in doses of a teaspoonful, dissolved in gruel or water, and drunk hot as the patient can drink it, will allay the pain and burning of the stomach, produce sleep and restore the heat of the skin and pulse in a very short time.

If it should be wanted, repeat it with a little laudanum and a full dose of oil. He considers it a speedy and effectual antidote to the poison of cholera.

ENGLISH WOOLERS IN THE UNITED STATES. A writer in a London paper states that wool manufacturers of England have very much increased their trade during the past year. The total exports have been \$28,800,140, and that the United States have taken 30 percent of them, or nearly one-third, say nine million dollars worth. No wonder we have so many woolen factories in the country.

WONDROUS INCREASE OF POPULATION. Four years ago, the region of the Salt Lake of California did not have a single white man, or a civilized being upon it. Now there is a city of more than 1000 houses, and sixty thousand inhabitants, who have made a constitution, and are knocking at the doors of the Union for admission as a State into the confederation.

WEIRD DONE, STARKS? The good old town of Starks is King of the Cabbage yards, this year. We have received from Alfred Viles, of Starks, an enormous cabbage, weighing 32 lbs., and measuring four feet three inches in circumference. Think of that, farmers Williams! Your head was "rouser," but this is *rouser*.

Mr. Viles proposes to grow seed from this variety, and give directions for raising.

THIS IS A GREAT COUNTRY. A correspondent of the New York Times states that, according to the report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, that part of the United States Territory not yet formed into States, will make forty-six States as large as Pennsylvania; each of which will contain twenty-eight millions of acres.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

How to become a Fire King.

Dr. Holmes—*I have been very much interested, as well as amused, in reading an article published in the last number of the "American Journal of Science and Arts," on the "Fire-Ordeal, Incomparative Men, &c.; by P. H. Douglass."*

It seems that what we have ever regarded as a miraculous feat of man is nothing more than an experiment of the utmost simplicity of character. I quote from his article the following experiments:

"I divided or cut with my hand a jet of melted metal of five or six centimeters, which escaped by the tap; then I immediately plunged the other in a pot filled with incandescent metal, which was truly frightful to look at. I involuntarily shuddered. But both hands came out of the ordeal victorious. And now, if any thing astounds me, it is that such experiments are not quite common."

"I shall of course be asked, what precautions are necessary to preserve one's self from the organizing action of the incandescent matter? I answer now:—only to have no fear, to make the experiment with confidence, to pass the hand rapidly, but not too rapidly, in the metal in full force."

"Otherwise, if the experiment were performed with force, or with too great rapidity, the repulsive force which exists in incandescent bodies might be overcome, and thus the contact with the skin be effected, which would undoubtedly remain in a state easy to understand."

"The experiment succeeds especially when the skin is humid; and the involuntary draw which one feels at facing these masses of fire almost always puts the body into that state of moisture so necessary to success; but by taking some precautions, one becomes veritably invulnerable. The following is what he succeeded best with me: I rub my hands with soap as to give them a polished surface; then, at the moment of making the experiment, I dip my hand into a cold solution of sal ammoniac saturated with sulphuric acid, or simply into water containing sal ammoniac, and, in default of that, into fresh water."

"Regnault, who has occupied himself with this subject, says:—Those who make a trade of fire-handling, and holding it in the mouth, sometimes employ an equal mixture of spirit of sulphur, and sal ammoniac, of essence of rosemary, and "onion-juice." All volatile substances, we see, which, in evaporating, render a certain portion of heat latent."

"Within a very few days I have had an opportunity of verifying his experiments. I passed my hand several times through the jet of metal issuing from the furnace, and a number of others present performed the same experiment, and a few immured their finger into a hole of melted iron, all without even singeing the skin. The heat is scarcely felt."

"These experiments, then, of "Fire-ordeal," though pretty generally known to workers in metal, are of a character unknown to the great mass of scientific men; I might add, unknown to all.

M. Bonty gives the following rationale of the experiments.

"There is no contact between the hands and the metal; this, in my estimation, is a fact positively established. If there is contact, the heating can only take place by radiation, and it is enormous, it must be acknowledged; but if the radiation is annulled by reflexion, and it is so, it is as if it did not exist, and, definitely, the operator is, so to say, placed in normal conditions."

"I think that I have established, a long time ago, the fact that water in the spheroidal state, has the property of reflecting radiating heat, and that its temperature never attains that of its elevation; whence it follows that the finger or a hand being humid, cannot rise to the temperature of 100° Cent., the experiment not continuing long enough to permit the humidity to evaporate entirely."

"To recapitulate what I have stated on this point. I say—passing the hand into any metal in fusion, it becomes isolated; the humidity which covers it, passes into the spheroidal state, thereby ever burn blithely, and whose tables smoke cheerfully on Thanksgiving day. Oh, it is a glorious thing for man to lay by his anxious and harassing chase after the world, even if it be but one day in 365, and, putting off the harnesses of selfish labor, feel and act as if there were others to care for besides his own darling self, and that there are other sources of happiness instead of the everlasting dig, dig, dig, for perishable self. It lights up the spirit, the true man within, and expands the field of his mental vision, till he gets a glimpse of a higher and a better sphere of action, and a nobler use for his faculties. Thanksgiving day! There are whole volumes of delightful anticipations and pleasant reminiscences in store for the young and the old alike expect appropriate pleasures on the advent. The urchins have their hopes and expectations gratified with a release from school, and lots of dainties from the confectionery and larder; and the *urchins* of a larger size, and older years, are equally well pleased with their social sports and the excitements of the many dance; while the elder portions indulge in the more staid and rational exercises of religious thought, and of the social reunions so common among the various branches of "kin and kin" on this day. Indeed, this coming together of scattered members of families on this day, is a pleasing trait in its characteristics, and seems to renew fading friendships, strengthen existing attachments, and perpetuate brotherhoods of the most endearing kind among us. Hallowed be the day among us, so long as New England shall have existence—thrice hallowed be its memory and its observance among the sons of the Pilgrims to the latest of their generations on earth.

A. Young, Jr.

NOTE. As our friend is in the humor of it, will we institute some experiments to ascertain what temperature this repulsive power of hot metal is greatest? We suppose the *hotter* the metal the *less danger* of burning you. [Ep.]

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. On Sunday afternoon last a young man in the employ of Chandler Tuttle, named James Thwing, a son of the late Rev. James Thwing, fell down the hatchway of the new ship Commonwealth now lying on the east side of the river at this place, into the hold, a distance of about fifteen feet, and was seriously if not fatally injured. He was walking along between decks, and as it was very dark the open hatchway was not perceived, into which he stumbled and fell. He was taken up senseless, and at the last accounts continued in an unconscious state. His recovery is considered doubtful.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION. J. T. Huston & Co., of the Bath Times, have issued a prospectus for the publication of an educational journal, under the above title. It will embrace three distinct departments. The first will be strictly Educational; the second, Scientific and Literary, and the third, Miscellaneous—each department to be under the direction of a gentleman competent to his duties. We do not doubt the ability of the publishers to make an interesting and valuable paper, and we wish them success in their undertaking. The journal is to be published semi-monthly, in quarto form, at one dollar a year, in advance. The paper will be issued as soon as one thousand subscribers are obtained.

NEW PARALLEL RULE. Mr. Edward Rowes, of this town, has exhibited to us a parallel ruler, which we consider a decided improvement on the one now generally in use. It is a snug, neat article, and will take no more room, nor cost any more than the old one. It has this peculiar advantage—it opens perfectly square, and avoids the lateral motion caused by having the guides placed diagonally as in the common rules. This position of the guides will carry the rule off a common sized sheet, before it reaches the bottom; whereas, by his arrangement, the rules continue to pass straight down to the bottom, without regard to the right or left in the least. Measures have been taken to secure a patent.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The December number of this truly valuable Magazine has been received. Many of our readers probably know that it is edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and C. J. Peterson, and this is saying enough to recommend it to all. It is embellished with two beautiful line engravings, a fashion plate, a portrait of Lady Blessington, and several minor cuts. It is thoroughly American, and we trust that American Ladies will give it a hearty support. Terms \$3 per annum.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. We are told that the Gravel Train, on the A. & K. Railroad, in Belgrade, ran off the track last Friday. Mark Westworth was killed; a man, named Trask, had his leg broken in three places, and another individual was seriously injured. A piece of joist, it is said, was left upon the track, either by design or accident, which occasioned the disaster.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

School Exhibition.

The writer attended, on the 16th inst., Mr. John Dinsmore's High School Exhibition, in the meeting house, at West Mills, Industry. Although the rain and the travelling probably prevented hundreds from attending, still the house was crowded, and boats were brought in.

The exercises commenced with a voluntary of the Choir, and prayer by Rev. J. Tucker. The young ladies and gentlemen then performed their appropriate parts; and, from the voluntary, by Master Cornforth, to the vestments, by Mr. Willard, a deep interest was awakened, and sustained, without the least apparent weariness, for some three hours. The voluntary was truly appropriate, and went off well. The "Colloquial discussions," "Exquisite," "The two sisters," "School and sewing circle," by the young ladies, were admirable—they were nature in their simplest dress, and would have taken the palm, had not the young gentlemen been determined not to be outdone. In their "Cause and Court," "The Queen," "The Esquire," and the parties concerned, "The Politician," paying over his money to buy himself an office, as well as in the separate pieces spoken, all was *true to nature*, men and things to be found in the exhibition.

Serious accident. We learn from the Gazette, that a young man by the name of William Fuller, clerk for S. C. Whittier, of Hollowell, fell from the fourth story, through the scuttles of the house, on Friday last, breaking his wrist and injuring him otherwise. He fell with such force as to break the cross-bar of the scuttle on the lower floor.

Bodies recovered. We learn that the bodies of two more persons, who were wrecked in the ill-fated Hanover, at the mouth of the Kennebec, were gallantly recovered by the crew of the U.S. Revenue cutter, the "Cutter," which the Indians were driven ashore, and fired from behind large rocks. The crew had been lost for four months, and were recovered soon after the ship was wrecked.

Great profit. The Belfast Signal states that H. H. Johnson, J. F. Hall and Elisha H. Hall have realized \$14,000 from \$700 worth of lumber which they sent out in the Sulu.

Death of Pierces. We learn that the steamer "Rhode Island Coal," Sixty tons of good anthracite coal have already been got out from the mine lately discovered by Prof. Ridgway at Cranston, R. I.

A fine pig! The Belfast papers state that Daniel L. Pitcher, of that town, killed a pig seven months eight days old, which weighed 302 lbs.

Kosuth. It is expected that Kosuth will arrive at Southampton, England, about the 6th of December. Arrangements are making to give the illustrious Magyar a suitable reception.

Fire in Wayne. Mr. the mill known as the Galvin Mill, in Wayne Township, was burst on Saturday night. No wonder it was insured for \$150.

The Eagle Hotel. At Buffalo, was destroyed by fire on the 14th inst. Loss \$4500.

Stone in Maryland. The Cumberland (Md.) Civilian says.—During last week a very heavy snow fall in the glades and mountains of the western part of this county, in many places reaching a depth of more than two feet. The trees not having lost their foliage, were, throughout various sections of the country, borne down by the weight of the supercumbent snow, thus blocking up the roads.

Death of the Queen of Madagascar. The death of the Queen of Madagascar, whose ferocious conduct towards the Christian Missionaries and their converts, is generally known, was announced on the 27th of September, and the body was interred at Charlestown Navy Yard, on the 5th of October.

Business in Santa Fe. The route to Santa Fe, through the mountains, is now open, and the trail is safe.

Death of Col. Washington. Col. Washington, Lieut. Simon, and the other officers of the U.S. Cavalry, who have been wounded in the recent battles, are recovering well, and are expected to be ready for duty again.

Death of Mr. Meekins. Mr. Meekins, who was a member of the Board of Commissioners under the late treaty with Mexico, died on the 27th of September, at the age of 70 years.

Death of Mr. Evans. Mr. Evans, a member of the Board of Commissioners under the late treaty with Mexico, died on the 27th of September, at the age of 70 years.

Death of Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson, a member of the Board of Commissioners under the late treaty with Mexico, died on the 27th of September, at the age of 70 years.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Further Particulars—Steamboat Disaster.

Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 24.—The boilers of the splendid mansion of Mrs. Anna Jenkins, on Benefit street, was entirely consumed, with nearly all its contents. Mrs. Jenkins and her oldest daughter were rescued in their night dresses. Subsequently Mrs. Jenkins, it is said, was seen on the only story addition, and to return to the house, probably to obtain some valuables, since which she has not been seen, and it is supposed that she perished in the flames. The house was one of the oldest and most substantial in the city, and contained an immense amount of valuable furniture, plate, jewelry and money. As Mrs. Jenkins was considered one of the wealthiest persons in the city. Scarcely an article was saved from the house, which fact is lost sight of in overwhelming anxiety for the fate of Mrs. Jenkins. The fire is supposed to have originated from the house of pleasure, which was situated on the lower deck of the steamer. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

Wounded.—H. W. Buchanan, Marcus Milnor, Samuel S. Smith, Arthur A. Slave, Thomas Merritt, and Samuel Conley, of New York; Joseph S. Wilder, of Oregon; Isaac Miller, of New York; M. C. McLean, of New York; Dr. J. Tucker, John E. Barber, Thomas Hanson, and L. O. Reid, all from Mississippi; Capt. Hopkins, of the steamer Storm; Capt. Dustin and Robert Price, of the Bostonia, and John Mason, Killed.—The following bodies have been found: Messrs. Knox, Andrew Bell, Levi Prescott and Renassae Buckner, of Memphis; Mrs. Moody, wife of the Clerk of the steamer Storm, and R. McNeese, Missing.—J. W. King, of St. Louis, and J. W. Moore, of Cincinnati. Many other names of killed, wounded and missing, are given, but most of them belong to New Orleans and foreign countries.

The Drunks. These men have been arraigned and both pleaded not guilty to the indictments found against them for the attempt on the life of Thomas Warner. The elder says:

"I shall be able to prove that this is all a foul conspiracy. If you have proved that I have had anything to do with any property, or with the nobility purpose, then was he an accomplice and master of the Society of Friends."

Sympathies were not bounded by sect or creed, and wherever there was suffering of body or mind, there she found her place and her mission. She had lately returned from a visit to Europe, and had gone for religious purposes.

Through the activity of our police, and a few private citizens, circumstances led to the arrest of T. H. Farnsworth, who, upon being brought before Justice Cochran, waived an examination. In view of the apparent evidence against him, and the humanness of the offence, the court required him to pay the sum of \$3000, for his appearance in the October term of the District Court. For want of bail the prisoner was committed to the county jail, in Wiscasset, to await his trial.

An ISLAND CENTERED IN THE UNITED STATES. Mr. McKeon, of the United States Consul at the Central American Republics, having received information of the intention of the English to seize the Island of Tierra, belonging to Honduras, and commanding the entire Pacific coast, has negotiated a treaty with Honduras, by which that island is ceded to the United States, as will be seen by his circular, issued to the diplomatic agents of other nations in the country.

LOCATION OF THE UNITED STATES, IN CENTRAL AMERICA, Dec. 28, 1840.

—In San José, Costa Rica.—I have the honor to inform you that the stage coaches, which will run from San José to the coast, will be ready to start on the 1st of January next.

—The grand jury of Queen's county have indicted Drury for perjury. Altho' it would seem that Mr. D. is likely to have his hands full for some time to clear up all these charges. Mr. McKeon, the district attorney, promises to bring the case to trial speedily. [N. Y. Tribune.]

SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY. A correspondent of the "New-York Observer," in Kentucky, thinks that the introduction of slaves into the pro-slavery party who have the majority in the convention for framing the new constitution, will produce a reaction in favor of emancipation. He quotes from the speeches of some of the leaders, who go the full length of McDuffie and Calhoun, in maintaining that slavery is a good institution, and ought to be perpetuated! This is the baserism of the 19th century. But on the other hand there are not wanting men of the first responsibility, who boldly and fearlessly attack the "peculiar institution," as a thing to be demolished.

SERIOUS STAGE ACCIDENT. Extract of a letter from a gentleman of Baltimore, dated

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 18, 1840.

The stage followed the river in, fell over, and was cut in half, so that it could not be used for any one to walk either up or down, and variously estimated at from 100 to 200 feet deep with a rapid river (the Youghoughy) flowing at its base. Providentially the coach was caught by a tree some fifty or sixty feet from the top, otherwise, I think all the passengers must have fallen to the bottom.

Mr. Clark, of Cincinnati, was found in the coach totally helpless. It seems the general impression that he could not live. Another man, whose name I did not learn, was found, (during my absence from the scene,) I was told, one foot below the coach, insensible and barely alive.

Thus probably two persons have lost their lives and owing to nothing in the world but the most gross carelessness and drunkenness of the driver. [Baltimore Patriot.]

POSTMASTER. On Thursday night, while all hands, with the exception of a lad, belonging on board the schooner Northern Star, Captain Edward Hutchins of Steuben, Me., were on shore, the cabin of the schooner was entered while the lad was sleeping, and \$175 in bank bills stolen from a chest or trunk. [Boston Atlas.]

THE DAM AT THE NEW CITY. The Hartford Courant states that the rear of the water power dam at the New City, on the Connecticut, to have been burst in Hartford on Sunday evening, a distance of forty rods. We do not at all consider it improbable. In Springfield, it is heard distinctly, and there are many doors in town, whose latches give them a little play, that vibrate to its concussion ceaselessly, at the rate of 128 vibrations to the minute. [Springfield Republican.]

GOLD MINE IN INDIANA. Specimens of gold were exhibited to us, yesterday, said to have been found on a branch of the White River, about four miles from New Harmony, Indiana. They were owned by A. S. Grogan, a printer. The specimens of metal exhibited to us is very pure gold. The public mind is not disposed readily to credit any statements connected with the finding of the precious metals, any where but in "far distant lands." In the case before us, an additional ground of doubt is found in the fact that this deposit of gold is on land owned by a printer! Neither the "oldest inhabitant," nor the "earliest records" give us an instance of such good luck in a printer. [Cincinnati Gazette.]

We learn from the Lynchburg Virginian, that Captain Ralph Wormley, a native of Virginia, and connected with many highly respectable families of the State, has lately been promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral in the British Navy. He entered the Royal Navy an early age, and has since had hard service, distinguishing himself on several occasions. He has long been a Post Captain, and reached his flag by seniority. He married a lady of Boston, where he has resided much of late.

DISTRESSING DEATH. Sylvester Roberts, paper master, of North Amherst, accidentally fell into a large hole, which he had dug in his garden, and was buried in it. His body was recovered, and was found to be perfectly preserved. Public meetings should represent the feeling of the country on this subject, should be upon the death of every member on the first day of the approaching session.

ROBBING THE GOLD BANKS. Remittances in gold dust from California generally come to New York in small bags, which are enclosed in wooden boxes strapped with iron. In two instances packages that came by the Empire City, have been burst under the iron straps, and the flesh was almost literally scalped from his body. He died the next day. His age was 41, and he leaves a wife. An only child came to his death on the first day of the approaching session. [Worcester Spy.]

PACIFIC RAILROAD. The Bostonians are circulating a petition for influential signatures, asking Congress to adopt Mr. Degrand's plan of a railroad from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific Ocean. His plan provides for a road of 1000 miles, and \$300,000,000 in stock and bonds.

NOTICE. It is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator on the estate of ISAAC N. FRAY, late of Belgrade, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and his understanding that trust by giving notice to the law director. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate, are directed to make application to the said administrator, and to state to what date they are entitled to payment. NATHAN R. SMITH, Nov. 5, 1840.

NOTICE. It is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator on the estate of ISAAC N. FRAY, late of Belgrade, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and his understanding that trust by giving notice to the law director. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate, are directed to make application to the said administrator, and to state to what date they are entitled to payment. DAVID AUSTIN, Nov. 5, 1840.

Fire at Providence.

On Monday evening, 18th inst., about 3 o'clock, the splendid mansion of Mrs. Anna Jenkins, on Benefit street, was entirely consumed, with nearly all its contents. Mrs. Jenkins and her oldest daughter were rescued in their night dresses. Subsequently Mrs. Jenkins, it is said, was seen on the only story addition, and to return to the house, probably to obtain some valuables, since which she has not been seen, and it is supposed that she perished in the flames. The house was one of the oldest and most substantial in the city, and contained an immense amount of valuable furniture, plate, jewelry and money. As Mrs. Jenkins was considered one of the wealthiest persons in the city. Scarcely an article was saved from the house, which fact is lost sight of in overwhelming anxiety for the fate of Mrs. Jenkins. The fire is supposed to have originated from the house of pleasure, which was situated on the lower deck of the steamer. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck. Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

All this time, the room in which Mrs. Jenkins had slept was safe, and but for the fatal mistake of crossing to the other room all would have probably been saved.

One gentleman informed us that he assisted some ten or twelve, mostly ladies, from the wreck.

Accounts differ as to the number of persons on the boiler deck and forecastle at the time of the explosion. The boat was about starting for St. Louis, and had rung her bell last, but had to shun alongside of an emigrant vessel for fear of collision. The boat had 2000 Dutch passengers, who providentially escaped being involved in the dreadful calamity. The steamer Bostonia has her upper works greatly shattered, and Capt. Dustin, her commander, who was severely injured, it is feared will not recover. The steamer Storm, which was lying on the lower side of the Louisiana, was more injured than the Bostonia. She had just arrived, and had not made her final call before the explosion occurred. Several persons on board the Storm were killed. Fortunately there were no passengers on board. The force of the explosion was appalling. The glass on the front of the levee was shattered, at the distance of one thousand feet from the boat, but the heat and smoke drove them back, and they returned to the chamber. One of the servants who had escaped from a back chamber, came under the window and brought a ladder, by which Moses descended. The youngest daughter leaped from the window upon the roof of the steamer, and was saved. Her mother, who was afterwards taken by a ladder.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

From Graham's Magazine.
THE COTTAGE.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

How pleasing it is, in this world of depression!

To sit down to a cooler some period of time;

The home of my infancy made an impression.

Which only will perish when memory is dead.

That rough, rugged farm, how dear did I love it—

The barn by the orchard, and spring by the rill;

No spot on earth which I so much loved,

At such where our Cottage once stood on the hill.

The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,

The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

Beside its broad hearth-stone, at evening, I've listened

To tales that my grandfather told of the ware;

He'd speak of his battles, while tears his eyes glistened;

And give what he stated, by showing his scars?

"T was then that my young heart beat high,

Of aiding some measure, Fair's parchment to file,

By giving in song or relating in prose,

My love for that Cottage which stood on the hill.

The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,

The time-honored Cottage, that stood on the hill.

That time-honored Cottage—dream of delusion—

For health its old root drink affected and frazzled;

Where goodness found favor and evil amends.

What would I give could I once more regain it?

And have the means feelings my bosom to glut?

Alost! it's in ruins—love cannot retain it—

Tears gush for that Cottage which stood on the hill.

The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,

The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

Though parted by distance, those scenes of my childhood

Fresh in my mind, when there I recurred—

There flowers yield perfume, like India's myrt—

And then, in the warmth of the deepest condition,

I stand as youth on the banks of that rill,

As hear in its gurgle a song of devotion,

With mine, for the Cottage that stood on the hill.

The rudely built Cottage, the old-fashioned Cottage,

The one-story Cottage, that stood on the hill.

The Story-Celler.

From the Mother's Assistant.

SAW UP AND SAW DOWN.

A PRIZE STORY FOR MOTHERS.

"We must have some new furniture, and that, soon," said a gentleman, taking a leisurely survey of the parlors one morning, toothpick in hand. "I have been looking at my cousin Madison's, very fine, theirs; really, ours begin to look shabby, Arkish!"

"How, father?" asked one of the three boys who followed him in the survey.

Falling asleep, I dreamed of rolling off my bed, that I was tied up in a leg of my drawers, and somebody was going to dash me to pieces. With a heart beating and ready to break, I awoke. Silent—every thing silent. "I will find my mother," was the heroic half waking resolution, as I tumbled out of bed, with my lame foot. My father's door was reached beyond the long, dark entry, and I crept in through the half open door. By the pale lamp-light I could see no one but a strange man on the bed-side. My heart fell—then I pushed a little farther in. On the other side of the bed sat the dear object of my night's search. "My Mother! my mother!" I did not cry it out, but my heart beat with delight. Softly I moved towards her. She sat down with her face bent over the pillow—there was white all about, and her face was very white too. She neither heard nor needed me, but I had found her, reached her chair, and was actually holding on the rounds when I heard a strange noise, a groan, a deep, hard breathing, which frightened me. "It is all over," whispered the man.

"My mother, my son, it looks as if it were from the ark—quite out of date—we must have new,"

"Not for the present, my dear," observed a lady, arising from the breakfast table, and following on "this will answer for some time to come—it is hardly ten years old and you know how handsome it was considered then!"

"Yes, and do you remember how chicken-hearted you were—afraid it was beyond our means?" said the gentleman, chuckling; "but it looks old now, out of date, at least beside our cousin Madison's."

"Why make any one of our standards?" asked the wife. "Look at these three boys to provide for, as she patted Phil's curly pat.

"Ah, well, look out for them, time enough for that," he replied, as he complacently surveyed them—"but we must not be too snug; something is due to our station;" upon which he drew himself up a little pomposly, perhaps.

"Yes, to support it with sufficient economy to lay up something for rainy days."

"Our rainy days, Jane! the weather will take care of itself," he said, goodnaturedly, going out of the room; then thrusting his head in the door, added "I will send the porter up with those things, if he is not to buy."

"Let the boys go, my dear," besought the lady; "here are Madison and Philip, who would give all the world for something to do."

"Yes, mother! let us go!" shouted the two."

"No, no, let the porter do these things—cousin Madison's boys—"

"Must not be patterns for ours," playfully interrupted the wife, placing her hand on his mouth.

"But do you think it best for the boys to go? they can't bring it."

"Yes, father! yes! let us try; there's nothing like trying, mother says," eagerly declared the two.

"I see mother is for your working; well perhaps it is best under all circumstances; come with me," and so from his handsomely parlor departed, Mr. Philip K., my dear father, a rich merchant, at the world he repudiated him—with his two eldest sons, Madison and Philip—white and slender boys, of ten and eight years.

Some time passed away—and, although the subject of new furniture was frequently brought up, cousin Madison Jones sufficiently commented upon, yet my brother never cordially assented to its being bought—not needing it, to her, was synonymous with not buying it.

At length, a few days before thanksgiving, a rocking-chair, in the newest and easiest style of twenty-five years ago, entered the front door, the precursor of a handsome set of furniture for the parlors. Our mother looked at it somewhat ungraciously, androwned our exclamations by her silence. At dinner, when our father appeared, he threw himself into it, saying, "Ahh! Jane, this is just what I want this minute. I am shockingly tired."

We looked at him, and there was a strange paleness about his mouth. "Is it not easy?" he asked, resting his head back and looking into my mother's face, as if her full coincidence of opinion were needed to complete his enjoyment. She smiled pleasantly, then pressed her hand upon his forehead.

"I fear you are not well," she said tenderly—your head is very, very hot." My father was not well—and so soon entered his chamber, and the next day, and next, and next, and next, grew more sick. The three weeks which succeeded I shall never forget—desire, desire to me, the invalid boy, for I was deprived of my mother's care and presence, always so necessary to me before. How keenly did I feel that nobody was like my mother, never having been able to engage in the active pursuits of my brothers. To sit by her side, with my little slate, or picture book was my chief delight. Sometimes I threaded her needle or cut off an end, or sewed on patches, thankful for the little help I might afford her. Now I was in the nursery, alone—my brothers occasionally came to amuse me, but each as I was, I saw that their hearts were not there—they were thinking of sleds and snow balls. Nancy was kind, but somehow Nancy had a world to do when I begged a story, or my squares wanted basting. You see I have not forgot the technicalities of sewing, despite the love of the many books which line my office.

Three weary weeks—weeks of anxiety and painful solicitude, and the faithful devotion on my mother's part, at the sick bed—but alas, skill, or medicine or prayer, availed nothing. My father was sick! Madison and Philip were suffered to roam at large, a freedom which they enjoyed to the fullest extent. The servants went about on tiptoe, and whispered one to another. The doctor came often. Strange faces appeared now in the entry. I was left to take care of myself until Nancy put me into the parlors and

bids me be a good boy. Soon a gentleman came in and kindly taking me from the carpet, where I had sorrowfully lain down, plaged me upon his knee, calling me his poor little boy." Cousin Madison Jones entered, and he, so tall and big, who never spoke to the little children, patted me on the arm, saying, "Ahh! the poor little fellow—can't realize it—no, no, no," and then he suffered me to take in my own hand his cane, Brazilian cane, with a dog's head carved upon the top; a cane which he had forbidden me even to touch. The cane pleased me but a moment—then I looked up into their faces to learn wherefore this tenderness. I felt it mount something, a sad something, and instinctively called my mother.

"Poor little fellow, your mother can't come to see you," said the gentleman, gently laying my head upon his bosom.

"I wish I could see my mother," I whispered, with a choking in my throat.

"Your mother, child! no! don't ask for your mother; she don't want to see you," declared Mr. Madison Jones, stopping in his walk across the room with a stern and chiding look. Notwithstanding the choking in the throat and a blur on the eyes, I resolutely rubbed my thin hands across my eyes, and said rapidly to myself, "I must try to be a man, mother says; I must not cry no—Johnny must not cry; it was a hard struggle, but Johnny did not cry, he lay patiently and sorrowfully in the gentleman's arms.

Behold us then, in four months time, at a house in a village of which my mother knew very little, except its neat, well ordered appearance, and its excellent clergyman. A "cottage" presents too many pastoral associations to indicate truly our new dwelling. It was a simple one story house, and had been yellow—somewhat unpromising without, but within it had two nice chambers in the attic, a pleasant sitting room and kitchen. Its chief attractions to my mother were a small barn and a large yard; a part of which, behind the house, seemed to have been the remains of a garden, by some early occupant. Straggling currant bushes were discovered among the grass, and some minty gooseberries in the corners. A small farm was on one side, and Mr. Giles's great hayfield on the other—the sparks and coals of a blacksmith's shop opposite, the blue sky above us, with the sun-rising and sun-setting all in sight, and green pasture almost within a stone's throw.

We had scarcely settled when Mr. Madison Jones and a gentleman rode out to see us. My mother was absent, but soon to return. Meanwhile they surveyed the premises—then coming in, they sat down. I was in my little chair surrounded with playthings. Regarding me as a plaything too, they talked freely:

"This big yard! what's it for?" said Mr. Madison.

"I should like to know what Jane wanted it for."

"Better take snug little rooms in town," joined his companion.

"She says it is for the boys. What do they want of a big yard? They take care of it! They work! I never found boys good for anything yet. There are four good boys—of what use are they to me! all they want is to be waited upon. She has missed me, or I am mistaken—but women must have their own way! Women have no judgment!" So commented our cousin, Mr. Madison Jones, unheeding the little lame boy, who devoured every word he said.

By-and-by my mother appeared. Cousin Madison's opinions were not long concealed.

"That big yard, Jane! that's going to be a trouble to you. What in the name of common sense is it for?"

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the money, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine." I don't say he was wrong, but I did, to venture to say she had many times before it.

"For the boys," she answered, as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind